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# Cassia



lonely

red hair

69 10 9

## Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Her red hair shone in the sun. Her blue eyes were brighter than sapphires. She was the most beautiful person in the world. Yet she was the saddest...

## Chapter 2 by -



Her beauty and self confidence intimidated boys and girls alike. Women saw her as a figure of unattainable bodily perfection. Men saw her as a luxury to great to behold.

It was like looking at a god. You didn't want to get to close and yet you didn't want to look away. You were spellbound. Intoxicated by her presence.

But Cassia wanted more from life. She wanted the pleasure of companionship. The passion of mind and soul. The knowing of love.

## Chapter 3 by



Her beauty was a gift and a curse alike. All who dared to gaze at her, brave enough to let their eyes become trapped in their stares, marvelled at her face, her body, her luscious hair and

gleaming eyes. But none tried to even glimpse at what was underneath - her heart, her mind, her soul.

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She wanted love, not just

She wanted those stunned eyes who followed her with every step she took to dig deeper into who she was, not what she looked like.

She wanted those jaws that dropped at the sight of her to talk to her.

She was the centre of everyone's attention, but she was so alone.

Until one person dared to gaze at her. Not her looks. At her.

## Chapter 4 by



She had caught him staring at her from across the street. But instead of hurriedly turning away like everyone else did, he smiled.

It was a warm smile. A knowing smile. It was simple yet sweet and beautiful. She had known by that time that he was not just a normal person. Although he looked like one, he seemed to hold a far more precious treasure within him than a perfectly shaped bone structure and soft hands: understanding.

You wouldn't notice from his expectedly average appearance, at roughly the same age as her, normal build and height, wearing a slightly scruffy and wrinkled shirt with jeans and a black anorak, and a cute mop of brown hair framing his soft jawline above which was a kind of crooked nose. But she did.

Crossing the road with her long legs, she didn't take her eyes off him (perhaps for fear that this rare being might vanish into her imagination, or that for the first time she was the entranced one, not everyone else who was bewitched by her perfect features). Neither did he.

As she slowed to a stop in front of the strange man, he opened his mouth to speak. A small flicker of hope shone in her eyes, hope that she was right - that he was real. That he was different.

And when he spoke, she knew she was right. For he had not spoken words of lust, words about

her appearance, words that clung to her all her life, dragging her down like pretty or you look nice. They were words of a different kind. Words that saw her as she was, not as what you looked like, but you as you. You as something more than just for a appearance but but for so much more. And she could see it in his eyes. And he spoke those words.

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"What is your name?"

For so long, she had been waiting to reply to them. For so long she had wanted someone to break the first boundary to knowing her. For so long she had waited to answer with the word, the label, the name:

"Cassia."

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She jumped. Behind her, a boy stood, looking at her.

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